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having reference to himself, when he ought, with more propriety, to speak of them merely as they related to the subject in hand, no matter by whom they were uttered. "*I do think;*" and "*I protest, Sir, it does seem to me;*" are his favourite forms of enunciating his opinions—with a great deal more to the same purpose.

It is evidently Mr. Peel's wish to be very courteous, and we give him every credit for the wish, for it is an exceedingly becoming one in any man; but his courtesy is not easy nor polished. You look at it as something added to the man, and not a part of the man.—It seems to be courtesy by design, and not that into which his behaviour unpremeditatedly falls. It is too palpable. It wants flexibility. It is too smooth—too like the courtesy of one's own-man. But even with these defects, it is still courtesy, and much to be preferred to the rude license of behaviour which some men in high station assume, without a particle of genius or ability to extenuate such a departure from ordinary rules.

We have been so long used to call Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Peel, that we find we have been doing so for the last hour, every time we mentioned his name, but that is little matter. Independently of filial regard, we dare to say he not only wishes he was Mr. Peel still, but that he could again be the Mr. Peel of this time two years. We think had he the last two years to act over again with his present experience, he would enact his part very differently, and be now resting in sure and certain hope of a return for the university of Oxford, instead of "associating with Hebrews," and bargaining with an old Jew for the most disgraceful representation in all England. For the present we have done.

THE GROWTH OF LOVE.

(BY MISS JEWSBURY.)

Give to the garden rose her praise,
 A queen among the flowers!
 But culturing skill, and many days
 Of sunshine and of showers,
 She claims alike of man and heaven;
 And blooms not if they are not given.
 The patriarch-monarch of the glade,
 The oak—to him praise render!
 But many a human life must fade,
 And many a scene of splendour,—
 Cities themselves grow old with time
 Before he reach and pass his prime.
 Then say, why in that wondrous thing
 The soul, such power should be,
 In bloom, and joy, and strength to spring,
 Sooner than flower or tree?
 Why needs there not a length of years
 To fashion all its hopes and fears?
 I know not;—'tis enough I ween
 For simple hearts to know,
 That seven bright days of summer sheen
 Can oft-times make Love grow;—
 That Love than roses quicker thrives,
 Yet longer than the oak survives.